SONGS, DUETS, &c.

IN THE

59

CADY of BAGDAD.

by A Portal

[Price Sixpence.]

SONGS, DUETS,

And FINALE,

IN THE

CADY of BAGDAD;

A COMIC OPERA:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

[illegible]

DRURY LANE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by G. KEARSLEY,

No. 46, Fleet-Street. 1778.

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W.M.H. PERKINS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

The Cady of Bagdad —	Mr. BANNISTER.
Abdallah — —	Mr. DAVIS.
Omar — — —	Mr. DODD.
Mouaffac — — —	Mr. WRIGHTEN.
Black Aga — — —	Mr. HURST.

WOMEN.

Zemroude — —	Mrs. BADDELEY.
Selima — —	Miss ABRAMS.
Fetadri — — —	Mrs. LOVE.

THE

CADY of BAGDAD.

*** *The lines marked with inverted commas are omitted in the repreſentation.*

ACT I.

DUET.

ABDALLAH.

SWEETLY ſmiling, ſoft careſſing,
Yielding ev'ry tender bleſſing,
In my arms, my fair one, prove
Holieſt faith and chaſteſt love.

ZEMROUDE.

ZEMROUDE.

Loves and graces fondly playing
In my prince's manly eye,
Keep my faithful heart from ſtraying,
Swell my breaſt with extaſy.

BOTH.

Be ev'ry future hour like this,
Wing'd with love, and crown'd with bliſs.

SONG.

ZEMROUDE.

I.

Thus Flora's beauteous offspring bending
Underneath the vernal froſt,
Ev'ry ſign of life ſuſpending,
Give each rapture up for loſt;

II.

When returns the roſy morning,
And th' enliv'ning ſolar ray,
Ev'ry hill and vale adorning,
Gild with ſmiles the jocund day.

SONG.

CADI.

How ſweet is revenge to a ſpirit of fire!
The ſoul ſeems enlarg'd, mounting higher and higher;
Till his rivals beneath him are objects of ſcorn,
And his joys are ſo ſtrong, they can hardly be borne.

SONG.

ZEMROUDE.

I.

'O mighty Judge, forbear to frown,
'Nor turn away your ear,
'Your cruelty my fears ſhall drown,
'Diſtreſs will baniſh fear.

II.

'Perhaps, not void of ev'ry charm,
'A virgin ſeeks your aid,
'Whoſe tale ſhall ſoon your rage diſarm;
'Ah! help a helpleſs maid. [*Kneeling.*

SONG.

ZEMROUDE.

I.

What avail bright beauty's charms,
Roſy lips, and cheeks that glow,
Flowing treſſes, downy arms,
Eyes of fire, and neck of ſnow;

II.

If, ſecluded far from ſight,
Vainly blooms the Paphian roſe,
If the diamond, ſparkling bright,
No kind gleam of day-light ſhows?

DUET.

Zem. Alas! my lord, I muſt return;
Cadi. Alas! my fair, and I muſt burn;
Zem. Till you unlock my priſon gate,
Cadi. Till with your charms you crown my fate,
Both. Fly ſwift, ye hours that intervene,
Till raptures hail the bridal ſcene.

End of the Firſt Act.

THE

CADY of BAGDAD.

ACT II.

SONG.

OMAR.

I.

O Prophet, O prophet! I don't care a ſtraw
For your ſober, nonſenſical, drink-water law;
Good brandy and wine
I'm ſure are divine,
And ſay what you will, I'll guzzle my fill.
Cluck—cluck—he'll ne'er have good luck,
That loves not to hear the bottle cluck.

II. O mor-

II.

O mortals, O mortals! wherever you are,
Who, like noodles, bow down at the ſhrine of old Care,
Go—fret, fume and toil,
Your happineſs ſpoil;
But ſay what you will, I'll guzzle my fill:
Cluck—cluck—he'll ne'er have good luck,
That loves not to hear the bottle cluck.

SONG.

OMAR:

With fear I quake,
My bones all ake,
From head to toe,
Oh, oh! Oh, oh!
If this terrible judge ſhould owe me a grudge,
Ah, what ſhall I do!
Whoe'er could divine that good brandy or wine
Should make a man rue?

SONG.

SONG.

CADL.

I.

'When Mithra, cloth'd in Orient rays,
'Gains on the eaſtern mountain's height,
'Hills, ſtreams and turrets meet the blaze,
'And all th' horizon flames with light.

II.

'So, when with brighter glories clad,
'The beauteous maid her charms unveils,
'Their beams my utmoſt ſoul pervade,
'And rapture ev'ry ſenſe aſſails.

AIR.

CADL

I.

If my love in a freak
Should prefer croſs to meek,
Or crooked and plain,
To pretty and vain,
Pray what's that to you, Sir? Pray what's that to you?
If I am not nice,
And pay you your price;
Do you finger the pelf,
Let me judge for myſelf,
And give me my due, Sir, and give me my due.
If I am not nice,
And pay you your price;
Pray what's that to you, Sir? &c.

II.

If the little blind god,
In a whimſical mood,
Enthron'd on a hump,
Should give me a thump;
Pray what's that to you, Sir? Pray what's that to you?
Or an arrow let fly
From a ſingle blink eye,
'Tis I am to wed her,
'Tis I am to bed her.
Then give me my due, Sir; then give me my due.

If I am not nice,
And pay you your price;
Pray what's that to you, Sir? &c.

SONG.

SONG.

OMAR.

I.

Lord, how proud I ſhall be,
When my daughter I ſee,
That's as ugly and croſs as the devil;
Side by ſide with the Cady,
Become a great lady,
And the folk all round cringing and civil.

II.

Nor think you that I
Any longer will die,
When my pockets are loaded with treaſure;
No, I'll roar and I'll ſing,
And I'll ſwig like a king,
And ſpend all my moments in pleaſure.

III.

His worſhip ſo black, [*Pointing at the A*
I'll not value a crack,
The law though rapacious and greedy,
Was never yet meant
Rich vice to prevent;
But to keep honeſt thoſe that were needy.

SONG.

SELIMA.

I.

Miſtaken man, perhaps too late,
Your baſely-roving heart may find,
He boaſts a more than common fate,
That gains a partner fair and kind.

II.

The heart that beats for him alone,
The tender ſmile that ſeeks to pleaſe,
The ſweetly-apprehenſive tone,
That dreads to break his downy eaſe,

III.

Are charms which ought to bind the ſoul,
Though beauty's tranſient bloom decay,
And lead to pleaſure's flow'ry goal,
And ſpread through life their golden ray.

End of the Second Act.

THE CADY of BAGDAD.

ACT III.

SONG.

CADI.

I.

THE ſhort-lived minutes as they roll,
Accuſe the charmer of my ſoul;
'It is not long that we can ſtay;
'Why, fair-one, this unkind delay?

II.

'Our loaded wings with odours drop,
'We bring you love and joy and hope;
'Perhaps the next ſucceeding train,
'For favours you may ſue in vain.

SONG.

OMAR, *drunk.*

When I was a dyer, and wrought at my trade,
I roſe early to work, and went ſober to bed;
But now that with ſequins my pockets are lin'd,
I'll lay till I'm ſober, and drink till I'm blind.
They ſay that this life is but ſorrow and care;
But I'll ne'er be a fool, and take more than my ſhare.

SONG.

CADI.

I.

'The gods have drain'd their richeſt ſtore
'For charms—and made creation poor;
'Yet making her ſo heavenly bright,
'Have added luſtre to the light.

II.

' If flowers a paler ray diffuse,
' Her tints excel their priſtine hues;
' Or fainter breathe Arabian gales,
' A richer ſcent her breath exhales.

III.

' Then let not riſed Nature mourn,
' Improv'd, her beauties all return:
' So pale flow'rs from the valley's ſide
' Become the glowing garden's pride.

SONG.

FETADRI.

' Though my beauty, my Lord, may perhaps be but
' ſmall,
' How many are raviſh'd with nothing at all?
' 'Tis the charm of all charms to be willing and
' kind,
' And in that you ſhall prove I will ne'er be behind.

II. If

II.

'If not very ſtraight and a little too round,
'With one eye and one leg your Female be found;
'You ſhall find her ſtill fond, ſtill enticing and young,
'And her other defects ſhall be made up in tongue.

III.

'Then take her and try her—you ne'er ſhall repent;
'But ſhould it ſo happen—'tis modiſh and gent
'Divorce, you well know, is a quality game,
'If it robs you of bliſs, it will crown you with fame.

SONG.

'CADI.

'By thine eyes' reſiſtleſs ray,
'By the ſplendor of thy neck,
'By thoſe dimpling ſmiles that play
'Round thy lips and o'er thy cheek,

II.

'Never ſhall a ſingle glance
'From thy matchleſs beauties rove,
'Life ſhall be one pleaſing trance,
'And we will dream of nought but love.

SONG.

ABDALLAH.

'If a poor man is hungry, and ſteels for his bread,
'He's a thief, and a villain, and hang'd till he's dead:
'But if the rich governor fleeces his charge,
'He boaſts of his greatneſs, and triumphs at large;
'Should the wretch he bereaves of his gold or his wife
'Preſume to accuſe him, he threatens his life.

SONG, RONDEAU.

ZEMROUDE.

Thus to win her lord's affection,
Ev'ry art his charmer tries;
If ſhe covets each perfection,
'Tis to pleaſe her lover's eyes.

Endleſs

Endleſs joy with new delight
Ever bleſs his raviſhed ſight.
Thus to win, &c.

' Farewel care and anxious pain,
' Every doubt and fear are vain,
' Thus to win, &c.

FINALE.

ABDALLAH.

Permit me, Cady, in your joy
To take a friendly ſhare,
What raptures ſhall your hours employ
With ſo compleat a fair?
Such charms as neither age nor clime
Can injure or remove,
Muſt feaſt the ſoul to lateſt time
And win perpetual love.

ZEMROUDE.

Tho' you, my Lord, in cruel ſpite
Have cheated poor Zemroude;
Since I have got a huſband by't,
My anger is ſubdu'd.
Then may you long your *lovely* bride
In envied bliſs careſs;
Nor fear that ought can e'er betide
To make your tranſports leſs.

OMAR.

OMAR.

Tho', noble ſon-in-law, 'tis true
One beauteous wife you've loſt,
At leaſt, you've gain'd an object new,
And what avails the coſt?
'Tis not the ſkin, the ſhape, the eye,
Or temper ever kind,
That can the maſter-charm ſupply,
But *beauties of the mind.*

CADI.

Your idle taunts, your gibes and jeers,
I hold in utter ſcorn;
But to be tied to *this* for years
Is too much to be borne.

CHORUS.

Thus, fell revenge, with Parthian wiles,
Her raſh purſuer wounds,
And ſyren-like, with treach'rous ſmiles,
Her lover's peace confounds.

FINIS.